

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loë, loë againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell. inuisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tyrant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Ile

From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py de Nimmie's this? Thou scurvy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further; and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,

As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue thee lie: Out o' your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Having first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a flake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtenils (for so he calles them)

Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is

The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman

But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;

But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,

As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:

But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe;

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,

Let vs beiocond. Will you trouble the Catch

You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason,

Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cont' 'em: and skews 'em, and flout 'em,

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likeness: If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgiue me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;

Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Ile is full of noyses,

Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:

Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments

Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,

That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,

Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open, and shew riches

Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd

I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,

Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,

Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,

Wee'll follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.
Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gen. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir, My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience, I needes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:

Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it No longer for my Flatterer: he is drou'd

Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope: Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose That you resolu'd t'effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly. *Ant.* Let it be to night,

For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they Will not, nor cannot vie such vigilance As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange Musike: and Prospero on the top (inuisible): Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harken.

Gen. Marvellous sweet Musicke.

Al. Giue vs kind keepers, heaues: what were these?

Seb. A liuing *Drolierie*: now I will beleuee

That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*

There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix

At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleuee both:

And what do's selfe want credit, come to me

And Ile besworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,

Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gen. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they beleuee me?

If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing

(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue sto-

Wilk please you taste of what is here?

Al. Not I.

Gen. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were

Who would beleuee that there were Mountayneceers,

Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallers of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in the

Each putter out of fine for

Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and

Although my last, no mar

The best is past: brother

Stand too, and doe as we

Thunder and Lightning. Enter

his wings upon the Table

Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three mo

That hath to instrument th

And what is in't: the neu

Hath caus'd to belch vp yo

Where man doth not inha

Being most vnfit to liue: I

And euen with such like v

Their proper felues: you f

Are ministers of Fate, the

Of whom your swords are

Wound the loud windes, &

Kill the still closing waters

One dowe that's in my pl

Are like-invulnerable: if y

Your swords are now too

And will not be vplifted:

(For that's my businesse to

From *Milaine* did supplan

Expos'd vnto the Sea (whi

Him, and his innocent chi

The Powres, delaying (no

Incens'd the Seas, and Sho

Against your peace: Thee

They haue bereft; and do

Lingring perdition (wor

Can be at once) shall ste

You, and your wayes, wh

Which here, in this most d

Vpon your heads, is nothi

And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: the

shapes againe, and dance

carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure

Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a gr

Of my Instruction, hast th

In what thou had't to say:

And obseruation strange,

Their severall kindes haue

And these (mine enemies)

In their distractions: they

And in these fits, I leaue th

Yong *Ferdinand* (whom th

And his, and mine lou'd da

Gen. I th name of some

In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous

Me thought the billowes f

The windes did sing it to m

(That deepe and dreadfull

The name of *Prospero*: it di

Therefore my Sonne i'th O

I'le seeke him deeper, then

And with him there lye m

Seb. But one feed at a

Ile fight their Legions ore